

THE PACIFIC

VOL LXIV.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., JULY 29, 1914.

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

No. 30.

202

THE GREAT VOICES.

A voice from the sea to the mountains,
From the mountains again to the sea;
A call from the deep to the fountains:
O spirit, be glad and free!

A cry from the floods to the fountains,
And the torrents repeat the glad song
As they leap from the breast of the mountains,
O spirit, be free and strong!

The pine forests thrill with emotion
Of praise as the spirit sweeps by;
With the voice like the murmuring ocean
To the soul of the listener they cry.

Oh sing, human heart, like the fountains,
With joy reverential and free,
Contented and calm as the mountains,
And deep as the woods and the sea!

—Charles Timothy Brooks.

Pacific Theological
Seminary

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, \$1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue., Berkeley

H. V. Hartshorn, Los Angeles, Southern California Editor
517 N. Lake Street

Special Department Contributors.

J. W. Buckham—Current Thought and Literature. A
W. Palmer—Social Service. G. W. Hinman—Missions. A
B. Patten—Young People's Work. J. B. Orr—The Sunday School.

WHY STATE-WIDE PROHIBITION SHOULD BE FAVORED.

The amendment to be voted on in November by the people of California, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors should be adopted. It is not exactly what the present writer and some other temperance advocates would have framed if they had had deciding power, but we do not see how any one with a realization of the fearful destruction wrought by the liquor traffic and with a desire to do that which is for the good of mankind can do other than vote for the amendment.

Clemenceau, former premier of the French Republic, said in an introduction to *L'Alcohol*, a book by M. Louis Jaquet, published last year: "The indictment against alcohol has been drawn. The sentence has been pronounced with such sharpness and so loudly in all the territories of civilization and savagery that it is unnecessary to reopen discussion concerning the results of experience so dearly purchased. * * * The destiny of that people which is unable to react against the moral and physical degeneration, accepted in return for a degrading pleasure, is sealed."

The renowned Professor Kraepelin of the University of Munich says: "From the recommendation of a wine-seller I learn that wine enlivens the imagination, facilitates thought-connection, quickens the imagination, is favorable to the clear and rapid reception of impressions, and to the formation of judgments. Every word a lie! Careful investigation continued for decades, and conducted with the finest apparatus, to determine the physical effects of alcohol, has shown beyond peradventure that exactly the reverse of all these assertions is actually the case."

Professor Kraepelin arrived at these conclusions by a series of delicate experiments upon himself and others. In the experiment on himself he **thought** that the wine was stimulating him, making him respond more quickly under the test, but when he examined the record of his apparatus, which could not lie, he found that he had been deceived.

A few years ago Dr. Woodhead of the University of Cambridge arranged an apparatus by which he could estimate the action of alcohol on body temperature—both surface and internal temperature. He sipped then a small quantity of alcohol, and almost immediately experienced a sense of warmth and glow, both in the stomach and in the skin, which later became moist. His face felt a little flushed, and from the general sensation he concluded that both external and internal temperatures had risen considerably. But when later he examined the record of his apparatus he found that while the surface temperature rose for a short time there was later a permanent fall, and the internal temperature fell from the start. His sensations, he says, had misled him completely. "The effect of the alcohol was to force blood to the surface where it was cooled, so that while the surplus of blood in the external tissues gave a temporary feeling of warmth, the body as a whole was robbed of heat—a fact which was not reported owing to the deranged condition of the system due to alcohol."

These and other experiments justify the words of another: "Liquor always lies to the user, making him think that it is a life-giver when it is a life-destroyer."

The neurologists and alienists in national convention recently in Chicago declared unanimously that the leading cause of insanity in this country was alcoholism; and that it was fast filling both our hospitals and prisons.

Dr. Frank I. Drake of Madison, Wisconsin, stated in the Chicago convention that forty-two per cent of the 727 prisoners admitted to the penitentiary in that state in 1912 and 1913 acknowledged that they had been users of alcoholic liquors to excess, and all but seven per cent stated that they used such liquors to some extent.

Dr. Frederick Peterson of Columbia University said recently that the actual loss to the state of New York every year from alcoholic insanity was \$2,400,000, and that for the whole United States it was more than \$12,000,000.

Statistics everywhere show that crime and poverty and pauperism are due largely to the use of intoxicants.

But notwithstanding the awful destructiveness of the liquor traffic there is raised here in California the cry that this amendment will destroy one of our great industries—the wine industry, and will cripple the state industrially.

Read what Mr. W. D. Gould of Los Angeles said as to this, recently: "I have lived in Los Angeles more than forty-two years and have carefully studied economic and political questions and I submit that there never was an economic or political question without a moral base that would stand the test of time; and that the so-called 'wine industry' that kills continually has no moral base and has no economic value. It has tarnished the fair name of many people and destroyed entire families in California and is a constant blight upon our entire economic and political system."

"I have planted and own in this county a forty-acre vineyard of table grapes and I sold my grapes this year for \$32 per ton on the vines, while my neighbors sold their wine grapes at \$10 per ton delivered at the winery. My grapes went to feed the hungry. The wine grapes went to mock and curse and kill my fellows."

This is only one of hundreds of similar cases. In many parts of California wine grapes have been torn out in recent years because they were not profitable. No man, forced by this amendment to change from wine grapes to table or raisin grapes or to some other crop, would be other

than a temporary loser. In a few years he would find himself the gainer thereby. Twelve years ago a man bought twelve acres of land and planted it to grapes—one-half wine grapes, one-half table grapes. He has realized more than twice as much from the table grapes as he realized from the wine grapes.

The present writer would have preferred a prohibitory proposition which would have given the growers of wine grapes from three to five years for making a change to some other crop. But the loss they may sustain under the amendment now proposed will be so small in comparison with what the state is losing every year by the liquor traffic that he cannot do otherwise than work and vote for the amendment.

Further, in every consideration of the wine industry in California it should be remembered that the wine grapes are grown principally by large corporations—members of a great and grinding trust; that it is this trust that is making the money. The few individuals who grow wine grapes were compelled by the trust the last year to take ten dollars a ton for them delivered at the wineries, while table grapes and raisin grapes brought thirty-two dollars a ton. Prohibition will not touch the table grape and raisin grape industry, and more than one-half of the grapes are of those varieties.

THE LIQUOR INDUSTRY AND THE WORKINGMEN.

United States government statistics show that labor receives a very small share of the value of liquors. The percentage going to labor from liquors and beverages is only 9.01. In other manufactures it varies from 16.53 to 34.45.

The foregoing applies to manufactured articles. As to raw materials, labor gets only 28 per cent of the value of those turned into liquor, while for those turned into iron and steel and their products it gets 54, and from lumber and its manufactures it gets 42 per cent.

The number of wage earners for each one million dollars invested in manufacturing is for liquors and beverages only 104, while for iron and steel products the number is 496; in lumber and its manufactures it is 726; and in some industries the number of wage earners for each \$1,000,000 invested is as high as 858. No other industry is so much for the few as is the liquor industry.

It gives the laboring man so much less than any other industry, and then it turns and takes from him and his family, in thousands of instances, almost all of the little it does give him.

The wage earner who consults his own interests will vote this industry out so that some other can come in.

It is south of Market street in San Francisco, where they best reach the working men, that the saloons are most prosperous. Let the working men get hold of the facts and realize their significance and they will vote in large numbers for state-wide prohibition.

Dance to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He hath labored, alas, in vain,
But for the shade
That the cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain.

—John B. Tabb.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

A Massachusetts woman has sent a gift of \$1,000 to the Nevada Mutual Franchise Society.

Every month, for some time, about 40,000 persons have paid admission to the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds.

Two hundred thousand dollars will be expended on the "Chinese Village" on the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds.

There are twenty-nine Browns in attendance at the summer session of the University of California, ten Whites and two Blacks.

The initiative petition for prohibition in Washington had 14,000 signers in Seattle, 9,000 in Tacoma, 4,000 in Spokane, 2,000 in Bellingham, 1,000 in Walla Walla, 1,500 in Everett. Of the 1,400 registered voters in Puyallup, 1,259 signed the petition. Two-thirds of the voters in Pacific county signed the petition.

There is a student in the University of California whose ancestry indicates what a "melting pot" this country is. His paternal grandfather was a Russian Jew, his paternal grandmother a Spanish Roman Catholic. His maternal grandfather was a German merchant who, while in business in Armenia, married an Armenian Christian. His father and mother went as Presbyterian missionaries to Chile, where he was born.

The Pilgrim Press, of Boston, announces for early publication a book by the Rev. Albert W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, on "Christian Fundamentals." A preliminary announcement reads: "This volume represents the effort of a young minister to justify religion to the thoughtful people of a modern Western city. It is not an argument so much as it is a confession of faith; albeit a confession of faith not fantastic or irrational, but made after a university education and in the full and glad acceptance of the modern point of view. Some of the themes "The Drift toward Religion," "Why We Believe in God," "The Progressive Inspiration of the Bible," "The Modern Interpretation of the Humanity, Divinity and Atonement of Jesus," "The Modern Interpretation of the Judgment," "Heaven and Hell."

Through the work of the Extension Department, which has completed the first year of its work, the University of California has been able to extend its influence to 2807 men and women who have been unable to satisfy their desire for an education. Of this number 1343 are enrolled in the correspondence courses and 1,464 in sixty-five extension classes which necessity has limited to the cities of the Bay region, Sacramento and Stockton. The Extension Department is divided into five bureaus: Bureau of Correspondence Instruction, Bureau of Class Instruction, Bureau of Public Lectures, Bureau of Public Discussion, and Bureau of Public Information. Under this system five separate activities are provided for, each under the direction of a special bureau. Credit is given toward the degrees of A. B., B. L. and B. S. The last year of the course for each degree must be spent in residence. Twenty-three courses are covered in the correspondence work. English leads in enrollment with a total of 353, the men numbering 151 and the women 202. They outnumber the women in all other courses except Domestic Science, in which there are twenty-four women and no men.

Margaret Anglin said recently concerning the presentation of the Greek play, "Antigone," in the Greek Theater in Berkeley: "The experience of playing in that wonderful theater in California is, I believe, the greatest mental intoxicant that an actor can feel. For myself—and I have played many parts—I have never known anything to equal the thrill of the performance at Berkeley three years ago. Nature, always kind in the wonderful, golden West, was prodigal that night. The air was so still and so heavy with perfume, and the stars so bright, and so near the earth, with one radiant planet hanging just above the altar, that it was no great task to span the centuries and believe oneself beneath Attic skies; or to feel in the harsh decrees of Creon, the pure protests of Antigone, or the fiery resentment of Haemon, very present realities and this some exaltation (I don't know how else to name it) seemed to seize the whole company. Their spirit was remarkable. So entirely had the whole performance been rehearsed, the "two-and-two-make-four" part of it entirely disappeared, the usual "first-night" hysterical excitement was utterly absent, and in its place came an extraordinary calm which seemed almost religious. When it was all over, I believe I was happier than I had ever been before in my work. As I watched the vast audience filing out, I felt that if failure had met us instead of success (and the success was great), I would do it again, for it would always seem better to fail trying for such a goal than to succeed aiming at some lesser one."

The Pacific at various times in the past has set forth the influence which such pioneer ministers as the Rev. Drs. Willey and Atkinson had in early educational movements on the Pacific Coast, and their influence more generally. Recently we came across an article in the Oregonian, which told of the work of the Rev. Dr. T. L. Eliot, who was for many years pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Portland. Dr. Eliot went to Portland about forty-six years ago. We quote: "He is the dean of the Portland ministers, all of whom admire him for his gracious manner on all occasions. A lover of all that is good and noble, Dr. Eliot has lived a most active life in Portland, having devoted his time most freely to civic affairs, both in the city and state. At various sessions of the Legislature he found time to assist in putting through laws for the general good of all, and to this city he has given years of faithful, painstaking labors. Dr. Eliot was pastor of the First Unitarian Church until January, 1893, when he retired, but he was elected minister emeritus, and on numerous occasions since has occupied the pulpit, and he always puts his old-time vigor and enthusiasm into his sermons. He has ever been active in municipal affairs, his tireless energy being generously poured out to help others. He served on the Park Board for years; he put in ten years as president of the Oregon Humane Society, where he showed forth his gentleness and accomplished much for the good of the cause. He is interested in art and is a director in the Art Museum. He served as County Superintendent of Schools from 1871 to 1875; gave of his time to the Public Library and Prison Board; acted as a trustee of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society for twenty years, and also as trustee for the Children's Home. In fact, there is scarcely any good thing in which he is not now or has not been in the past actively interested. Dr. Eliot has put his stamp indelibly upon Portland."

Those in attendance at the Summer School of the University of California having been asked to point out defects, one woman replied: "I have attended summer sessions at

Columbia and at Chicago University. The University of California offers more courses, more interesting courses, and under more inspiring instructors, more is done for the amusement and edification of the students. The relation between teacher and taught is more friendly. The spirit is more democratic. Everything breathes of hope, and activity and fresh young life. But in spite of all this I do not enjoy the Summer Session here as much as I did in the other places because there is such a lack of physical comforts here in comparison with the other universities. The registration here is made difficult and tiresome. No one seems able to tell the student exactly what to do and there is a dearth of printed instructions. There are no dressing rooms anywhere except in the library building. I have not found a place on the Campus except the library where one can get a drink of water. There is a rest room anywhere provided with comfortable chairs and couches. There are no seats in the halls except in California, where one may rest when too early for a recitation. A printed program on the door, of the subjects taught in the room each hour, would be a great convenience. A few dozen benches along the walks on the campus would be welcome. Sign posts here and there on the campus pointing the shortest way to the Greek Theatre, to Hearst Hall, to the tennis courts, etc., would add greatly to the material comfort of the students. In short, the average age of thirty needs more physical comfort than the average age of twenty to be contented. When these material conveniences are added to the Summer Session of the University of California, with its remarkable courses, its fine instructors, its beautiful location and its cool summer climate, it will be the greatest in the world and will draw students to it from all over the country. There isn't a rest room anywhere in the country." Let everybody work now for the \$1,800,000 we are asked to vote this fall for new buildings! The University of California should be made one of the greatest educational institutions of the world.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Chicago Record-Herald says that the liquor question will be made a state issue this year in Illinois and that candidates for every office to be voted for will be forced to declare themselves.

An attendant at the Sagamore Sociological Conference writes: "It seemed to be the prevailing opinion that a wise and impartial restriction of immigration, perhaps on the lines of Prof. Sidney Gulick's recent proposal, would be advisable; but it was unanimously held that such restriction should in no case be discriminative against any race or nation."

In a speech last week at Kankakee, Illinois, Joseph G. Cannon, former speaker of the lower house of Congress, declared that Taft was blamable for the split in the Republican party, saying in that connection: "Former President Taft is a great whole-hearted fellow, but his disposition is such that if he had been appointed as minister of a church or congregation he would have had the members fighting inside half an hour. Cannon made criticism also of Roosevelt, President Wilson and Beveridge.

A clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church writes to The Christian Register: "Why do you Unitarians want a change of name? To an outsider it is incomprehensible. Does not the name 'Unitarian' exactly denote

the character of the church, You believe in God as a unity. That is your first and most important characteristic. God is one. *Deus est unus*. Have your people given up that idea? Are you ashamed of it? If not, keep it, for it is the most honorable and most correct name you can be called by. If you are determined to change, permit me to suggest a name wherein the old one will not be lost: 'The Church of the Divine Unity.'

Mrs. Alice Stone Blackwell says editorially in *The Woman's Journal*: "One of the fine results of equal suffrage is that it leads women to take a more intelligent interest in public affairs. Two visits to Denver were made by Miss Helena S. Dudley, an experienced settlement worker of Boston, one before and one after women were given the ballot. She said she was struck by the change in the tone of women's conversation. On her first visit, some of her friends seemed interested only in bonnets and gossip. On her second visit, the very same women were all eagerly discussing the new city charter. A leading Denver book-seller said that he sold more books on political economy within eight months after women were enfranchised than he had sold in fifteen years before. The Chicago Public Library has had to set aside a special room for the use of the many women who come to read up on civics and city government, as a direct result of their admission to the franchise."

In an article on "The Slavs in America," in the *Century Magazine* for August, Professor Edward A. Ross says: 'He is a Bacchus worshipper unashamed, and our squeamishness about liquor strikes him as either hypocrisy or prudery. He thinks, too, that without stimulant he cannot stand up to the grueling work of mill and mine. A steel-worker, when besought to give up drink, replied, 'No beer, no whisky, me no work.' Hence, an incredible amount of his wages goes to line the till of the saloon-keeper. In a steel town of 30,000 population, \$60,000 are left with the saloon-keepers the Saturday and Sunday after pay-day. The Saturday brewery wagon makes the rounds, and on a pleasant Sunday one sees in the yard of every boarding-house a knot of broad-shouldered, big-faced men about a keg of liquid comfort.' Poor, deluded Slav! he has yet to learn, as others have yet to learn also, that alcohol is not a source of muscular vigor or dexterity, but the reverse—and that in its continued use it is a most potent and deadly agent in producing physical deterioration.

A Chicago Methodist minister remarks: "We are singing a good many hymns that are nothing more than doggerel." We presume there are more of this kind in the hymnals used in Methodist churches than are found in those used in Congregational and Presbyterian churches. But the doggerel kind is used even in these, though from the latest hymnals many such have been excluded. The *Boston Transcript* aptly says: "A church that seeks to attract good attendance should be as careful in the selection of its hymnals as of its ministers. Men and women have been writing hymns since the beginning of the Christian era and before. There are thousands of these productions available, not only fine literary compositions but distinguished for the beauty and appropriateness of their imagery, their harmony, their strength and their spiritual impressiveness. There are enough such to fill several hymn books, but to too large an extent we still have to listen to doggerel or emotional mediocrity and call it praising God.

The man or men who can and will draw judiciously upon these treasures will be rendering a service to worship that as yet has hardly been adequately performed."

Writing concerning his four years with Harrison in the White House, Colonel Halford says: "Under President Harrison there was strict observance of the Sabbath. Family prayer was maintained with unbreakable regularity, as in his private home. Halford says of Harrison and the Presidency: "Naturally serious, taking responsibility hard, conscientious to a degree in all his work, Harrison did not have a corking time as President. He found little pleasure in the office and did not desire a renomination. He agreed to it with reluctance, and only because of the effort of disgruntled men to discredit him with the party." Halford refers to the welcome extended to Harrison as honorary president of the World's Missionary Conference in New York in 1900, by Theodore Roosevelt, who was governor then, and to Harrison's complimentary remarks about Roosevelt in which was this very apt characterization: "In my observation of him he has a passion for the truth. The only trouble I had with managing him was that it seemed to me he wanted to put an end to all the evil in the world between sunrise and sunset.—" (Roosevelt had been made president of the Civil Service Commission by Harrison, and not always ironic with his opponents, the President had some trouble in keeping things in safe balance). "He was not willing to take as much time as I thought was necessary in order not to fracture things, though we never differed as to the end to be attained. He wanted to get through very quick."

The funeral services of the late Silvester Horne brought to the front once more the fact that in the old hymnology there are not many hymns which voice today the feeling of the Christian as he stands by the bier. Writing concerning this, Dr. Garrett Horder says: "Rev. William Hall has called my attention to the poem called 'Good Night.' Certainly, its closing verses are in striking contrast to 'Now the Laborer's Task Is O'er,' with its idea of the life to come as a sleep till a far-off day of assize. It is surely far nearer the reality of life beyond than all the hymns which strike the sleep-note. While hymns which strike the awake-note are at hand—such as 'We Cannot Think of Them as Dead,' by F. L. Hosmer; 'It Singeth Low in Every Heart,' by J. W. Chadwick; 'Earth with Its Dark and Dreadful Ills,' by Alice Cary; 'I Long for Household Voices Gone,' by J. G. Whittier; 'When For Me the Silent Car,' by Lucy Larcom, and many others of a like spirit—it seems nothing less than foolish to ask congregations to sing of death as a long sleep when from the pulpits of those very congregations the opposite idea of death, as but a brief passage to life is now preached." A writer in *The Christian Register* makes this comment: "It is surely worth noting that the hymns which Dr. Horder refers to as being the best for such an event are mostly from Unitarian sources. This is a most interesting commentary on the fact that so many of the 'spiritually minded' insist that Unitarianism has no message in the hour of death."

The Rev. Drs. R. F. Horton, R. J. Campbell and other eminent clergymen of London sent recently to the Prime Minister a letter against forcible feeding, which said in part: "We do not deny that in some cases forcible feeding may have been effective as a deterrent; but, speaking broadly, it is not deterring, but is exasperating women to ever more dangerous acts of violence. . . . The extension

of the suffrage to women is a political matter in which we are not directly concerned. But as citizens and as Christians we are most passionately concerned at the growth of anarchy and social unrest. We do not believe that if public opinion had realized what forcible feeding involved it would have tolerated it at all. At any rate, we cannot tolerate it. We regard it as a dangerous and exasperating element in the present deplorable state of affairs, and we cannot stand silently by and see Parliament adjourn, possibly over a period of many months, while forcible feeding is going on in English prisons. . . . It is a cardinal principle of statesmanship that punishment of political offence should go hand-in-hand with redress of grievances. At all times and in all places in the history of the world where the grievance of exclusion from citizenship and equality has been so keenly felt in the excluded class as to lead to violence, coercion has failed to do anything but inflame, embitter, and prolong that violence. We believe it is scarcely supposed by anyone that women can be permanently excluded from citizenship. The question at issue is rather how far public feeling is to be embittered and outraged before the question is settled."

NEW BOOKS BY THE PILGRIM PRESS.

For several years The Pilgrim Press, the Congregational publishing house, has been publishing some of the very best books that have been on the market. We find in a recent preliminary announcement several which in our judgment will be much in demand.

Samuel Billings Capen.

One of these is the life of Samuel Billings Capen. A note concerning it reads:

"The inspiring record of a long and fruitful life, eminent in the world of business, and of great influence in the educational and religious world. Unavoidably the telling of the story also presents a record of the changing and somewhat tortuous religious history of the past seventy-five years. Mr. Capen was Boston born, but his connection with our national societies, the Men and Religion Forward Movement, The Layman's Missionary Movement, The Boston School Committee, the Board of Trustees of Wellesley College, and many other important committees and organizations, has given him more even than a national reputation."

Joseph Ward, of Dakota.

Concerning this book it is said: "The story of the heroic career of one of the founders of a commonwealth. It gives the history of the beginning and progress of Yankton College and the record of the struggle of Dakota for statehood, in both of which President Ward bore a leading part. The author produced a narrative of historic value. Interesting to the general public as well as to those who knew the man who was the centre of the events described. A number of illustrations of 'Old Yankton' add interest to the book."

An Autobiography of George William Puddefoot.

Concerning this we read: "Undoubtedly one of the most dramatic and popular speakers on the platform of any American religious conference during the past twenty-five years has been the man whose autobiography is sketched in these pages. Many of the thousands who have heard of Mr. Puddefoot in these years will read the story with delight. It is in some ways a thrilling story, such as no land

but America could produce, a story like that of Riis and Steiner and many another, of the making of a man, giving him a vision and a chance, for like them Puddefoot came as an immigrant to this land. In some ways, also, it is an exceptional story full of laughter and tears, told in Puddefoot's best style; for those who have heard him no more need be said."

He Took it Upon Himself.

Margaret Slattery's books are always welcomed. Of this latest by her it is said:

"This stirring challenge of Margaret Slattery's has met with a most gratifying response. A business man of large interests recently writes: 'It is most remarkable, and has sent me out to take some things upon myself.' A Princeton senior who chanced to hear the address which forms a part of the book says: 'I want to thank you for the address I heard tonight. It has settled some things for me. I never saw the "critic" and the "shallow sympathizer" before. Needless to say, I have no further respect for them. I propose, God helping me, to hold up my end of the job.' A young society woman writes: 'I can't thank you enough for "He Took it Upon Himself." I see now just what I have been doing. We have needed a day nursery in connection with our Neighborhood Home for years. I have known it, but this week I have decided to take it upon myself. I know you will be glad, etc.' 'Men and women at work in any line of endeavor looking toward the uplift of their fellow men will find in the book encouragement and new incentives, and those who may have left the problem of human betterment to others will find their own souls stimulated and awakened,' are the words in which another woman expresses her appreciation."

In General.

Among the other books announced is a series of sermons with the caption "The Religious Appeal to the Modern Mind." They emphasize the fact that we live in a spiritual world and are called to the spiritual life. Themes such as The Awakening of the Soul, The Saving of the Soul, The Illumination of the Soul, The Culture of the Spiritual Life.

There is also a new volume by the late J. Brierly of London whose previous volumes have been found so helpful in the presentation of Christian truths in a modern way.

Also a volume of sermons or addresses by Dr. Bradshaw, who was for twenty-five years pastor of college-town churches—at Galesburg, Illinois, Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Oberlin, Ohio.

There are two books by Bruce Barton, son of the Rev. Dr. W. E. Barton of Chicago. This son bids fair to eclipse this father as a writer—and the latter has long ranked high in this as well as in so many other ways.

One of Mr. Barton's books is entitled "The Woman Who Came by Night." When we read that "this is a collection of short stories selected from the experiences of a city minister,—all based on actual experience," there comes the thought that they are out of the experiences of Dr. Barton, who has touched life in many of its varied aspects.

"The story which gives the title to the book tells of a country girl in distress who came to a city minister for advice. The Lingere Lady is the too-familiar tale of a feminine impostor with a hard-luck and dire distress story. The Voice of the Lord tells of a woman who is mildly insane.

The Woman Divided is an entertaining tale of the country-born wife of a suddenly rich man; and The Shadow on the Screen is a prodigal-son and mother-love story."

A book by the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland is mentioned in our "Pacific Coast Notes."

"The Real Turk" by Stanwood Cobb, whose position as an instructor in Robert College has enabled him to see all sides of Turkish character and to understand the Turk's temperament and way of looking at life, is a timely volume.

The Pacific congratulates the Pilgrim Press on the remarkably fine lot of books it has been publishing—and the reading public on what is in store for them in these and others soon to be published.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL OF THE CITY TEMPLE, LONDON.

Recently a representative of the British Congregationalist sought an interview with the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell suggested a walk as they talked, and the interviewer says:

"Notebook there was none, save that of memory, and I even fancy that this was a relief to the interviewee (if I may be permitted to coin a word), as he strode along at my side with a somewhat serious face—a face upon which, as he talked there was, however, a rare play of the emotions, and occasionally a twinkle of sly and somewhat mordant humour."

"What shall we talk about?" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, as the gate swung to behind us, and Nero, the great St. Bernard, who is his constant companion, and Marcus Aurelius, a scrap of a white, doggy personality, equally attached to Mr. Campbell, raced away up what was evidently a familiar road.

What is Wrong With the Churches?

We had already at lunch talked a little of the present state of Christianity as exhibited by the Churches, and the subject was by no means exhausted. "Tell me, please," I said in answer to Mr. Campbell's query, "what is wrong with the Churches?"

He smiled and said:

"I am afraid that is too large a subject to deal with in a few sentences. Probably you are referring to their loosening hold on the common consciousness. Well, the fault is not all with the churches themselves; it is the Zeit Geist. People tend to become like their pursuits, and the pursuits of the average man of today are such as to unfit him for the reception of a spiritual Gospel. He is 'indisposed' towards it; he tends to look for his good on the outside of life, not in the wealth of the soul. Still, it is a reproach to us that we have not been more successful in preventing this."

Real Preaching.

"Preaching was never better, surely? the interviewer suggested.

"Probably not," was the quick response, "if by preaching you mean the intellectual side of it. But if you mean the real preaching, the preaching that stirs the soul, that has vision in it, that has the spiritual side of things ever to the fore, well—I am not so sure. Perhaps," mused the speaker, with a whimsical smile flitting shadowily around the corners of his mouth, "people as a general rule might not appreciate it." So many have their minds so firmly set

upon earthly things for six days a week that on the seventh day they hardly have power to change the focus of their vision."

"The greater number of people appear to be within a ring fence of materialism," remarked his companion.

Spirituality vs. Materialism.

"Yes, that is so. They have largely lost for the time being the sense of the spiritual. The possession of the finest motor-car, the handsomest set of furs, the largest house, the biggest banking account, seems yearly to loom larger in the estimation of many people—good people, kind people, even interesting people in many ways; yet they have their eyes fixed downwards instead of upwards. To my thinking the most serious menace against which we have to contend—a menace that is becoming more lowering as each year goes by—is this temporary triumph of the material over the spiritual. It is eating like a canker into many of our churches, and those of other denominations."

"Is the poor man, the worker, shown his side of the obligation?" was the next question.

"I am not sure that he is. I have told Labour leaders this. I know at least one—nay, several—of the leaders of the Labour party who are troubled lest the Labour movement is forgetting the more spiritual side of the cause of the worker, and insisting too much on the purely material side; both leaders and men are thinking too much of getting what others have, more because they (the others) have it than basing their claim to 'a place in the sun,' to fellowship, to a living wage, to equality of opportunity upon the teaching and mission of Jesus Christ. Labour as an organization will neither be truly successful nor will its highest ideals be attained separate from religion."

"What the Churches need, then, Mr. Campbell," interpolated his interviewer, "is a closer intercourse with spiritual things."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I should put it differently; I should say a frank and earnest return to the source of all spiritual power, dwelling with God, personal religion, bold, uncompromising insistence upon the priority of the soul and its needs over everything else. There is only one church to my mind, that appears to grasp that fact—overlaid with much that is dross—the Roman Catholic Church. It is largely owing to her authoritative note, her unshakable, unfaltering assertion of the claims of the supernatural order over the natural, that she has managed to hold her own so much better than the Reformed Churches on the Continent. Baron Frederick von Hugel has some significant things to say and facts to give relating to this in Germany. The percentage of church attendance in Protestant as compared with Catholic Germany is very startling. It shows to my mind that the men of today, more perhaps than ever before, need the spiritual and even mystical side of religion to be brought before them; not perhaps as the Roman Catholic Church does it, but yet in some way that attracts and compels and exacts from them something more than lip service. When we discover what exactly is the nature of that spiritual authority as applied to modern life and modern needs, we shall, I make no doubt, have discovered at the same time a remedy for non-church-going and the rank worldliness that we see around us on every side. We should not reverse present tendencies all at once, but we should master them in the long run.

"The nearer we can get to the unseen the more we shall find ourselves estranged from the sordid and materialistic

tendencies of the age," continued Mr. Campbell.

There was a pause.

"You do not think civilization has been altogether a success?"

"Frankly, no. Do you? What has it given us in many departments of life that we did not possess before, perhaps many thousands of years ago? We have advanced in science, but not perhaps in the highest form of knowledge. But in Art, have we? What modern painters have excelled the best of the old masters? What modern musicians, those of a past age? What orators of modern times those of Ancient Greece and of Rome? It appears to me that we are approaching an age when we must begin over again, unlearn something of what we have learned. Gibbon was it not, who painted so vividly the causes of national and world decline? Are there no indications that the causes he stated are recurring in this, our own day—in the reckless luxury of the rich, in the lowering of the moral standard, the disregard of the highest ideals—in the press very often, for example—in the craving for great possessions, which have no permanence? I think so. The hopeful sign is that many are dissatisfied, though frequently without knowing from what cause. That is the most hopeful sign."

"We certainly have learned nothing in many of the Arts. In addition to those you have named have we learned much as regards Architecture?"

"I think not," replied Mr. Campbell. "The buildings and palaces of Babylon were probably more magnificent and more dignified than those of our own age. The Renaissance period surely compares very favorably with the architecture of an age which pins its faith to steel girders and 'sky-scrappers.'"

The Only Remedy.

"No, modern civilization does not seem to be an unqualified success. Not the success that it might have been. If Christ had really civilized the world it would have been a different matter. In its train civilization has brought sweated labour, hardly less, if at all less, soul-destroying and injurious than serfdom or slavery. It is guilty of the inhuman treatment of native races by civilized peoples, of 'red rubber' evils, of greed, and of the colossal burden of armaments. There is only one remedy, and that is so personal a one that it will, I fear, be long before its effect is seen. It is a closer communion with the eternal; an individual walking with God; belief in unseen holy things, even amid the distractions of a hustling, careless world, an impinging upon the material by the supersensuous. The real cure is there. It is strange that even men who seem to be sick at heart and searching after righteousness are so loth to try the remedy. We want a return to personal religion."

"The message for the weary men and women is, get near to Christ, touch His garment, commune with Him. I believe there are many who are truly seeking the cure for the malaise of the century, of the restlessness and stress of which Labour unrest, militant feminism, and other disturbing and very obvious things are but after all symptomatic; they can find the cure if they will."

Man's unity with God has this consummate flower, that the Eternal Fact responds to our persistent hope and our abiding faith. It may be more and better than we ever yet have dreamed: it cannot possibly be less.—John W. Chadwick.

POPULATION INCREASES SEVEN MILLION IN FOUR YEARS.

There were 109,021,992 persons living within the territory embraced by the United States on July 1, 1914, according to a bulletin containing the estimates of population for the years subsequent to the thirteenth census, made in 1910, prepared under the supervision of C. S. Sloane, geographer of the Department of Commerce, and published in Science on July 17.

The population of the United States in 1910 was 101,748,269, so there has been a gain in population estimated at more than 7,000,000 in the last four years. The population of the forty-eight states of the Union and the District of Columbia in 1914 is 98,781,324, whereas in 1910 it was 91,972,266. The bulletin shows also the estimates of population in 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, and 1914 for States and Territories and for cities which had 8,000 inhabitants or more in 1910. There is also presented in the bulletin a statement of the white and colored population on April 15, 1910, together with estimates of the white and colored population on July 1 of each of the years following.

The estimated population of each State of the Union on July 1, 1914, and the population on April 15, 1910, are given in this table:

State	Population.	
	Estimated July 1, '14	Census Apr. 15, '10
Alabama	2,269,945	2,138,093
Arizona	239,053	204,354
Arkansas	1,686,480	1,574,449
California	2,757,895	2,377,549
Colorado	909,537	799,024
Connecticut	1,202,688	1,114,756
Delaware	209,817	202,322
District of Columbia	353,378	331,069
Florida	843,111	752,619
Georgia	2,776,513	2,609,121
Idaho	395,407	325,594
Illinois	5,986,781	5,638,591
Indiana	2,779,467	2,700,876
Iowa	2,221,755	2,224,771
Kansas	1,784,897	1,690,949
Kentucky	2,350,731	2,289,905
Louisiana	1,773,482	1,656,388
Maine	762,787	742,371
Maryland	1,341,075	1,295,346
Massachusetts	3,605,522	2,366,416
Michigan	2,976,030	2,810,173
Minnesota	2,213,919	2,075,708
Mississippi	1,901,882	1,797,114
Missouri	3,372,886	3,293,335
Montana	432,614	376,053
Nebraska	1,245,873	1,192,214
Nevada	98,726	81,875
New Hampshire	438,662	430,572
New Jersey	2,815,663	2,537,167
New Mexico	383,551	327,301
New York	9,899,761	9,113,614
North Carolina	2,339,452	2,206,287
North Dakota	686,966	577,056
Ohio	5,026,898	4,767,121
Oklahoma	2,026,534	1,657,155
Oregon	783,239	672,765
Pennsylvania	8,245,967	7,665,111
Rhode Island	591,215	542,610
South Carolina	1,590,015	1,515,400
South Dakota	661,583	583,888
Tennessee	2,254,754	2,184,789
Texas	4,257,854	3,896,542
Utah	414,518	373,351
Vermont	361,205	355,956
Virginia	2,150,009	2,061,612
Washington	1,407,865	1,141,990
West Virginia	1,332,910	1,221,119
Wyoming	168,736	145,965

Wisconsin 2,446,716 2,333,860

Increase in Cities.

The estimates of population for the cities of the United States of 100,000 or more on July 1, 1914, and the populations of the same cities in 1910 are given in this table:

City	Population.	
	Estimated July 1, '15	Census Apr. 15, '10
New York (Greater)	5,333,537	4,766,883
Bronx Borough	529,198	430,980
Brooklyn Borough	1,833,696	1,634,351
Manhattan Borough	2,536,716	2,331,542
Queens Borough	339,886	284,041
Richmond Borough	94,043	85,969
Chicago	2,393,325	2,185,283
Philadelphia	1,657,810	1,549,008
St. Louis	734,667	687,029
Boston	733,802	670,585
Cleveland	639,431	560,663
Baltimore	579,590	558,485
Pittsburgh	564,878	533,905
Detroit	537,650	465,766
Buffalo	454,112	423,715
San Francisco	448,502	416,912
Los Angeles	438,914	319,198
Milwaukee	417,054	373,857
Cincinnati	402,175	363,591
Newark	389,106	347,469
New Orleans	361,221	339,075
Washington	353,378	331,069
Minneapolis	343,466	301,408
Seattle	313,029	237,194
Jersey City	293,921	267,779
Kansas City	281,911	248,381
Portland	260,601	207,214
Indianapolis	259,413	233,650
Denver	245,523	213,381
Providence	245,090	224,326
Rochester	241,518	218,149
St. Paul	236,766	214,744
Louisville	235,114	223,928
Columbus	204,567	181,511
Toledo	184,126	168,497
Oakland	183,002	150,174
Atlanta	179,292	154,839
Birmingham	166,154	132,685
Worcester	157,732	145,986
Syracuse	149,353	137,249
New Haven	144,505	133,605
Memphis	143,231	131,105
Scranton	141,351	129,867
Spokane	135,657	104,402
Paterson	134,305	125,600
Paterson	134,305	125,600
Omaha	133,274	124,096
Fall River	125,443	119,295
Dayton	123,794	116,577
Grand Rapids	123,227	112,571
Bridgeport	115,289	102,054
San Antonio	115,063	96,614
Nashville	114,899	110,364
Dallas	111,986	92,104
New Bedford	111,230	96,652
Lowell	111,004	106,294
Cambridge	110,357	104,839
Salt Lake City	109,530	92,777
Hartford	107,038	98,915
Trenton	106,831	96,815
Tacoma	103,418	83,743
Reading	103,361	96,071
Albany	102,961	100,253
Camden	102,465	94,538
Springfield, Mass.	100,375	88,926

These estimates of population are required primarily for the use of the Census Bureau in calculating death rates and per capita averages for years in which an exact census is not taken. What is known as the arithmetical method was adopted this year for computing the population figures.

It is considered the simplest method for such computations and has been shown by experience to be the most accurate. It is based on the assumption that the increase in population each year since the census year of 1910 is equal to the annual increase from 1900 to 1910.

CONGREGATIONALISTS AT MOUNT HERMON FEDERATE SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Now, there were gathered at Mount Hermon, to attend the Federate School of Missions, various delightful and helpful Congregationalists, to wit: Mrs. F. B. Perkins, president of the Woman's Home Mission Union, who labored mightily on the registration committee of the Federate School and on other committees; Miss Laura N. Richards, president of Northern California branch of Woman's Board of Missions, whose happy laugh and ready helpfulness brightened all the week; Mrs. J. H. O'Brien, who generously declared that her exhibit of Congregational missionary literature in the Missions Building was free; Mrs. Ament, returned missionary from China; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Piper, Mrs. Piper suffering from her recent accident, yet bravely coming across from Mrs. Gosling's cottage to attend meetings, she being secretary of the Cradle Roll, W. B. M. P., and W. H. M. U., also Northern branch; her sister, Mrs. A. M. Nichols of East Oakland, Miss E. C. King, Mrs. E. Gosling, Miss E. Shepherd, Miss Mildred Foster, Mrs. Myrtle H. Wagner of San Jose, foreign secretary W. B. M. P.; Mrs. H. W. Conkling of San Jose, Miss Gilbert of Oakland First Congregational Church.

On the day of the "rallies" of the different denominations, July 23rd, the Congregationalists held their rally in that beautiful circle of tall redwood trees known as Epworth League Circle. Miss Laura Richards of Saratoga presided, and Mrs. Ament of Peking, China, gave the principal address. She brought a number of photographs of Peking scenes. Mrs. E. W. Piper spoke of the Cradle Roll, and Mrs. J. H. O'Brien spoke of the literature. For the Home Mission work a large picture chart, showing different nationalities, with Christ in the center, was fastened on the trunk of a beautiful redwood tree. The two questions on the chart, were, "Have We Not All One Father?" and "Hath Not One God Created Us?" There were twenty-five people at this Congregational rally, Mr. E. W. Piper being the only man in that goodly company. But he was not afraid.

This year, in view of the coming vote on State-wide prohibition, it was thought best to have the temperance speakers on the program of the Federate School of Missions. Accordingly on Monday afternoon, July 20, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry spoke on "The Spiritual and Eternal Aspects of the Drink Problem." At Dundee, Scotland, Mr. Henry visited the Inebriates' Home where were 32 women. Of these, the average age was less than 22 years. Four confirmed girl drunkards were less than 16 years of age. Another temperance speaker at Mt. Hermon was Mrs. Eugenia F. St. John of Kansas, who spoke twice. In order practically to clinch the temperance question, a committee was appointed to draw up a resolution, committing the Federate School to active effort for votes next November. Mrs. F. B. Perkins was a member of that committee. The resolution, which was unanimously adopted by standing vote of the Federate School was as follows: "The Mount Hermon Federate Summer School of Missions, representing the following organizations: The Woman's Occidental Board of For-

eign Missions (Presbyterian); The California Synodical Society for Home Missions (Presbyterian); The Woman's Board of the Pacific (Foreign Congregational); The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California (Congregational); The Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society; The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Lutheran California Synod; The Christian Woman's Board of Missions; California Conference Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of the M. E. Church; The Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, in annual session assembled, adopted the following resolution by enthusiastic and unanimous vote:

"Whereas we realize the enormity of the evil brought upon the people of our State of California, and also upon all countries of the world by the liquor traffic and its attendant evil, known as the 'Red Light District';

"Resolved that we pledge our unqualified support to the Dry Federation in its determined effort to carry the bill for State prohibition and to sustain the law known as the Red Light Abatement Act Amendment.

"To this end the women of our several organizations are urged to register at once and to vote for this bill at the coming election November 3rd; also to use their active influence in securing votes for the above bill among their neighbors and friends."

Once, such a resolution would have counted for little. Now, with the ballot in the hands of California women, such a resolution may mean much.

We had, as usual, our dear Mrs. D. B. Wells with us to give us daily Bible talks on "The Investment of Personality," and also to conduct the study classes in "Missionary Women and the Social Question," by M. Katherine Bennett, "The Child in the Midst," by Mary S. Laboree, and "In Red Man's Land," by Hon. Francis Leupp, ex-commissioner of Indian affairs. Mrs. Paul Raymond, author of "The King's Business," spoke on three days, largely on "Methods." Of the evening speakers, Miss Inga Petterson, formerly of Japan, spoke on "The Woman of the Orient; Rev. Mr. Hummel spoke on the African Kameroon district; Mrs. J. McDaniel Stearns addressed us on "America's Part in the Program of God;" Miss Lillie Corwin, missionary among the Nevada Indians, gave an interesting stereopticon lecture on "The Red Man at Home," the pictures being those that she had taken herself of her Indians. On Friday evening, Mrs. Ira N. Allen of Oakland gave a reading: The Resurrection Scene, from "Barrabas," by Marie Correlli.

On Thursday at 1:30, in the beautiful place known as Epworth League Circle, under the tall redwoods, we held a tender and beautiful memorial service, in memory of our loved recording secretary, Mrs. J. H. C. Rohlf, of the First Methodist Church, Oakland, news of whose death had reached us the previous Sunday. Mrs. Rohlf had intended to come to the Summer School of Mount Hermon, but God called her to a higher assembly. With Mrs. Rohlf's knowledge of bookkeeping and short hand and her generous heart, she had greatly helped in our work. Her dear and gracious memory will abide with us. Our sympathies go out to her bereaved husband.

MARY E. BAMFORD,
Press Sec. Mt. Hermon Fed. School.

You will never catch up with a successful man by trying to run him down.

DENOMINATIONAL CO-OPERATION IN MEXICO.

At a conference held recently in Cincinnati such co-operation of the Protestant church forces working in Mexico was arranged for that great good is expected to ensue.

Facts show that in nearly half of the states in Mexico, no missionary resides; that only one missionary is on the field for 70,000 of the population, and that an adequate manning of the works demands an increase of at least fifty per cent in the number of missionaries and a careful redistribution of territory and of school enterprises. Hence it was recommended that the Presbyterians become responsible for the evangelization of the southern part of the country, that the two Methodisms occupy the central part of the land, the Baptists the north central, the Congregationalists the northwest part, and the Friends, Disciples and American Reformed Presbyterians the northeast part.

2. Press work. A joint depository and selling agency is to be established in Mexico City. All present church papers are to be combined in one; an illustrated young people's paper is to be established; and a joint publishing plant to be established in Mexico City.

3. Theological school. A union "Bible Institute and Theological Seminary" to be founded in Mexico City to train for the ministry, evangelistic, deaconess, or lay work and secretaries for Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Christian Association.

4. General education. Domestic and manual arts are to be taught in all schools as far as practicable. High schools with vocational training to be established in every state as soon as possible; a high-grade college to be founded, and a general educational committee to be named to study the problems and correlate the work throughout the land as far as possible.

5. Other matters of interest: (a) "A Message to the Mexican People," to be carefully prepared and scattered broadcast in Mexico on the re-establishment of peace, to "set forth in brief but comprehensive language the fundamentals of the Christian faith and life as held throughout the centuries, laying especial emphasis upon general principles of Christian living, growing out of a living union between the individual and Jesus Christ as divine Lord and Master." (b) That all Christian churches in Mexico, while retaining their denominational heritage, shall be known as "The Evangelical Church of Mexico." (c) Plans were made looking toward increasing the self-support of the native congregations, a month of evangelism to be observed yearly, the more complete education of our people, community betterment, plans for further medical mission work, and the more complete equipment of new missionaries.

The waves of the Divine Energy sweep through no deeps of tragedy, no gulfs of woe. All that is, all that has been, of good, of truth, of love, shall be preserved in all that is to be. The waves of God's life destroy nothing. They but swallow up all that has preceded in a larger flood of glory and of life. All that the mineral has done lives again in the plant. All that the plant has done revives in the animal. Man inherits the good of the brute creation. Every old generation of men passes on its accumulation to the new. The old civilization moves on in the grander world of today. Our souls shall see of their own travail, and be satisfied,—John Coleman Adams.

Among the Churches.

Glendale. Rev. E. H. Willisford, Pastor.—The second anniversary of the dedication of the church was recently observed. Rev. J. H. Lash of Pasadena preached the sermon. Sunday, July 12th, at the communion service, the pastor gave the right hand of fellowship to nine new members, all adults, seven by letter and two on confession. All departments of work are in a prosperous condition. The close of the first half of the year found all financial obligations paid in full.

Claremont.—The Greek Theatre Services at Claremont on Sundays at 5:30 p. m. will be continued through September 6th. The following are the preachers for the remaining Sundays for the season: August 2, the Reverend James H. Lash, pastor of the Lake Avenue Congregational Church, Pasadena, and Moderator of the Southern California Congregational Conference; August 9, the Reverend President Henry Churchill King, D. D., LL. D., of Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio; August 16, the Very Reverend William MacCormack, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's pro-Cathedral (Protestant Episcopal), Los Angeles; August 23, the Reverend Stanley Ross Fisher, pastor of the Church of the Messiah (Congregational), Los Angeles; August 30, the Reverend Hugh K. Walker, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Long Beach; September 6, the Reverend President James Arnold Blaisdell, D. D., of Pomona College.

Redlands.—The church recently, under the leadership of its pastor, Rev. H. A. Jump, made a fraternal visitation upon the newly organized home missionary church at Yucaipa. A company of nearly fifty members, including deacons, trustees, Sunday-school teachers and young people, took the auto ride to Yucaipa, spent part of the afternoon in brotherly conference with the members of the Yucaipa church, joined with them in a delightful picnic under the live oaks, and in the evening attended a union preaching service conducted in the Yucaipa meeting charge by Mr. Jump. It is a question whether this bit of organized sociability did more good to them that received or to them that gave. Mr. Jump spends his summer vacation at La Jolla. The Congregational and Presbyterian churches unite for the months of union services and union prayer-meetings, each pastor being on service half of the time. Nine churches of the city join in an open-air vesper service in the City Park Sunday evenings, and the name of the preacher is never announced in advance.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. T. T. Giffen of Fresno will supply at Soquel during August.

The Century Magazine for August is called a "Fiction Number." There are nine complete stories.

The Rev. H. H. Wikoff, secretary of the Church Building Society, returned from the East last week.

The Rev. Sidney W. Wilcox, pastor at Soquel, has been attending the summer school at the University of California and supplying also the pulpit of Olivet Church, Oakland.

Rev. George H. DeKay supplied the pulpit of the College Avenue Methodist Church of Berkeley last Sunday, and by request spoke in the morning on the temperance question, taking as his topic "Unwashed Hands."

The Rev. D. M. Gandier, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, gave a very able and convincing address in favor of State-wide prohibition at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

The Rev. Dr. Van Horn and family, with the exception of the eldest son who will remain in Seattle for a year, arrived in Oakland last week and are located in their new home at 117 Lake street. The telephone number is Lakeside 1788. Dr. Van Horn and some of the children came through from Seattle in an automobile.

Next Monday, at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. George Laughton will speak on "Is An Anti-Papal Panic Pending? Must There Be Conflict Between the Two Great Divisions of Christendom? A Plea For Christian Sanity." This topic was suggested by Washington Gladden's recent article in Harper's Weekly. Mr. Laughton spoke on the topic in the First Congregational Church service Sunday night.

The friends of the Rev. J. K. Harrison, who was for many years home missionary superintendent in California, will be glad to learn of the continued success of his eldest son Chandler, who a few months ago won the scholarship prize of a thousand dollars offered by the American School of Architecture. The purpose of this scholarship is for study in the school of Beaux Arts in Paris. The entering class numbered six hundred, but at the final examinations, recently held, only one hundred and eight took the examinations. Of this number Mr. Harrison passed second, a Frenchman passing first with 478 points to Harrison's 462. In architectural, and all other studies except higher mathematics, the latter stood first. He has gained all his standing by study while working at his profession since his father passed into the other life, being obliged to leave high school before he had finished his course there.

THE WORK AMONG THE MEXICANS.

A recent gathering of Protestant Mexicans of the various denominations in Los Angeles, has made plain the fact that our sister churches are doing much more than we, of mission work for this needy and growing part of our population. As Congregationalists we have work in Bakersfield, Los Angeles, and in Pomona valley. Believing readers would welcome information regarding such work, may I speak of the Pomona field?

Work in Pomona and Ontario, dating back several years, had been suspended, and was resumed in June, 1909, under the care of the Rev. and Mrs. Bissell, formerly of our American Board Mission, in Jalisco and Sinaloa. A chapel and residence, and a small congregation, formed the part in Pomona at that time. Chino was at once included in the circuit, Sunday school and services being held in a private house until a finely located chapel was erected in 1911. Ontario was also provided with an excellent chapel in 1912. Exclusive of the lots secured, the cost of these two chapels, with complete equipment, including seating, electric lighting, organs and clear-toned bells (a bell also upon the Po-

mona chapel), and also including a valuable stereopticon and reflectoscope, has been above one thousand dollars, and all bills paid. The funds were generously given, not only by members of Pilgrim and Bethel Congregational churches (the two which maintain this mission), but in even larger amount, in the aggregate, by members of other denominations.

Sabbath school is held in each chapel every Sabbath, and preaching services in two of them. Mid-week service in each. Beginning in February a Sunday noon service (open air) is held regularly in the Pacific Electric construction camp of over two hundred men, at Upland, where a most encouraging hearing is secured, and scores of scripture portions, with hundreds of pages of evangelical literature, have been distributed, and many Testaments sold. This weekly opportunity bids fair to continue for months to come.

From Chino, nineteen have been received to church membership in Pilgrim Church, Pomona. The people are acquiring some familiarity with the holy scriptures. They are bearing the running expenses of their own Sunday schools, together with the cost of literature for distribution. They also make personal contributions, in small amounts, but in goodly numbers, to the "Apportionment Fund" of Pilgrim Church, besides aiding in the support of an orphan ("our orphan") in Marash.

I must not ask space to tell of the personal contact that is being secured, day by day, in these four centers of work, with Roman Catholics who know little of Jesus Christ and His Holy Word. The evidences of confidences gained, and minds awakening, are very encouraging.

H. M. BISSELL.

Pomona, Calif, July 22, 1914.

WASHINGTON.

Mrs. J. D. Jones, the widow of Rev. J. D. Jones, passed away to the better land last week at Spokane. The funeral service was held on Sunday, the 19th, the Rev. Carl Veazee officiating. Mrs. Jones was a native of South Wales, and came to this country about thirty years ago. The family came to this state twenty-two years ago and settled at Ritzville. Mr. Jones had pastorates at Medical Lake, Dayton and Corbin Park, Spokane. Mrs. Jones left a son in Wales and a son and two daughters in this city.

Rev. B. C. Preston preached his farewell sermon at Plymouth church last Sunday morning, and he and his family left for California on Tuesday. The church has extended a call to Rev. E. W. Cross, Livingstone, Montana.

Rev. C. H. Burdick of Deer Park and family are spending their vacation at Blaine, Wash., his former field.

Revs. Harper, Veazie, Burtner and Jokinsen of this city are attending the state conference at Vashon Island.

Spokane, Wash. J. E.

Port Angeles.—The Rev. Stephen Smith and family are taking a vacation for a month on Lopez Island.

Seattle.—Secretary Burton of the Congregational Home Missionary Society occupied the pulpit of Plymouth Church last Sunday morning, speaking on "The Efficient City Church." In the evening Seattle Congregationalists united in a union meeting at Plymouth, at which time Dr. Burton spoke on "The Challenge of the World." Dr. Burton will go from Seattle to Alaska. Last Sunday morning the pulpit of Pilgrim Church was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Frank N. White, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Walla Walla.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OREGON WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

Held at Portland, June 26th, 1914.

The annual meeting of the Oregon Woman's Home Missionary Union was held in the Pilgrim Congregational Church, June 26th, 1914.

The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. W. C. Kantner. The reports of Mrs. W. D. Palmer, Secretary of Young People's Work, Miss Bates, Superintendent of Cradle Roll, Mrs. R. E. Millard, Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Tobey, Secretary of Literature, and Mrs. Mann, Treasurer, were all read and listened to with much interest. These reports were accepted and placed on file.

The roll call was conducted by Mrs. Millard. Twelve auxiliaries responded.

The nominating committee, consisting of Mrs. A. M. Webster, Mrs. E. C. Lum, and Mrs. B. T. Soden, presented their report which was accepted and the officers elected.

After some discussion it was moved, seconded and carried that we place our aim for the year at \$1,200.

Mrs. Steckle sang a beautiful solo, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Messages from the Semi-Annual meeting in Seattle were given by Mrs. Cook, who spoke of the new value of a dollar, and of Miss Porter, also Mrs. Cowles of Africa; Mrs. Schrock, who emphasized the need of sending Mrs. Hoge to San Francisco, and also told of Mrs. Osgood's efficient management; and Mrs. Kantner, who told of Mrs. Clapp's paper on the Missionary and His Trials, on the home field.

The newly elected officers of the Union were received. Dr. Kantner led in a beautiful and impressive prayer, which closed the morning session, Mr. Bates dismissing.

A delightful luncheon was served by the ladies of Pilgrim Church to the ladies of the Oregon Branch of the Woman's Board, and of the Home Missionary Union.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Schrock of Salem led the devotional exercises, giving a splendid talk on the parable of the leaven, after which Dr. Paddock led in prayer.

Mrs. Green, for many years a teacher among the Indians, read a most instructive paper on "What the Indian Needs."

Mr. Hill, a Y. M. C. A. worker from South America gave an enlightening talk on that country.

Rev. D. V. Poling rendered an exquisite solo, "In Thee, O Lord, Do I Put My Trust."

Mrs. Bolinger read a most excellent paper, written by Mrs. Frazier, entitled, "Our Alien Brother."

Mrs. Kantner gave a reading, "The Scum of the Earth," which was greatly enjoyed.

The primary children of Sunnyside Church, under the direction of Mrs. Tobey, gave an exercise entitled, "The Children of All Nations."

Five ladies from Pilgrim Church gave a beautiful rendition of "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

The closing address was a splendid one, on the Chinese Nation Today, by Dr. Clinton. S. Latourette.

The attendance during the entire day was very good, and all went away with the feeling that a new and more inspiring note, in the cause and interest of missions, had been sounded which would send its echo far down the pathway of the unseen year just ahead.

IOLA E. MILLARD, Recording Secretary.

Painting the dark side blacker will not make the bright side any brighter.

The Home.

HOW I BLUNDERED AS A WIFE.

My first blunder as a wife lay in the persuasion that the chief consideration in my marriage should be my happiness.

I don't suppose my bringing up relative to matrimony had been any different from that of most girls reared in a sheltered home. My youth was over before the fashion became prevalent of a girl seeking work and a career outside her father's house when he is able and willing to support her. I and the other girls of my generation took it for granted that when we had finished our schooling, which perhaps included a final year at a boarding-school, we should come home and take the daughters' place in the house. We should lighten our mothers' duties, be ready to entertain and cheer our fathers, have a good time with other girls and young men of our set, and eventually marry and settle down to wifehood and motherhood as our mothers had done before us. Having no desire to go out into the world and support myself, and no profession or art which claimed me for its devotee, my thoughts dwelt with pretty close attention upon love and marriage, and I looked forward to both as assured facts.

My life was that of an average girl residing in a small town, where the youth of a certain set grow up together and share the same studies and the same sports. I knew myself to be more or less of a favorite through little conscious effort on my part, and kindly feeling and pleasant attentions did not strike me as anything unusual in a girl's life. Good friends among men were an accepted circumstance, and I took their affection as a matter of course.

I Expected to be Adored.

In the same way I was prepared to take the adoration of the man I married. I was as good an example as could be found of the girl who expects courtship to last all through married life, and receives her lover's and her husband's devotion and her own happiness as a matter of course. My husband's happiness would be inevitable—since he would be married to me!

Of course I did not put it as baldly as that, but that was the gist of my secret thoughts. Perhaps girls are different now, perhaps I was exceptionally selfish, but I fancy that eight girls out of ten, if put in the confessional, would have to acknowledge that their principal anticipation in marriage is of their own bliss. The other two out of ten would probably have their minds bent upon worldly position and material betterment, with all that these would bring.

Neither of these considerations moved me. I was honestly in love with my husband—or with his love for me. Of worldly wealth he had none—just salary enough to support me in modest surroundings—but the adoration he lavished upon me would have made me a millionaire, could it have been converted into coin.

We began housekeeping in a small house, and as my husband was prepared to think all I did absolute perfection, everything went smoothly. Popular tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, the first year of our married life was one of almost unalloyed content. How it would have been if my husband had not spoiled me to death, I can't say.

Even in this first flush and fluff, however, I was conscious of certain small particulars in which I wished my husband were different. Nothing was lacking in honesty or

tenderness or generosity or any of the big things, but he had mannerisms and habits which jarred upon me. I thought he talked too loud when he became much interested, and he used a few colloquialisms I did not like, and pronounced some words in what I considered an incorrect fashion. He also had the custom of smoking before breakfast. He lighted his cigar as soon as he was out of the tub, and as he bathed first I found the bath-room reeking with tobacco-smoke when I went there to wash. It did not sicken me, but since I found it unpleasant, I naturally asked him to give it up.

This he did; but then he smoked in the bedroom when he returned there to finish his toilet after bathing. I didn't like this any better than I did the other, and said so. He tried to laugh me out of my distaste to the ante-breakfast cigar by reminding me that I had been reared in an atmosphere of tobacco, that my father and both my brothers smoked like chimneys.

"But they don't do it before breakfast!" I retorted with some heat. "And they don't do it in my room!"

"I thought it was my room too," he said.

But he stopped smoking there and in the bath-room. I don't think I appreciated the sacrifice it was to him to give up a habit he had followed all during his bachelor days—and I am very sure I would never have renounced so cheerfully any pet custom of my own.

The Trifles I Exaggerated.

Another condition comes back to me in which I demanded a change. My husband used to do his dressing all over the room. He roamed from one end of it to the other while he put on his clothes, buttoned his collar, fastened his vest. The only time he was stationary was when he was lacing his shoes and brushing his hair. His constant movement got on my nerves. At first I joked him about it; then I remonstrated more decidedly; finally I became irritable and snapped at him. I believe he really endeavored to conquer the trick, but it was of too long standing, and try as he would to stay in one place while dressing, he would forget himself and begin to tramp up and down as he put the finishing touches to his toilet.

I mention these details to indicate in what trifles I permitted myself to attempt to make my husband to conform to my model. Had not my regard for my own comfort been an integral part of my nature, I might not have blundered by my lack of tolerance. Either custom I refer to would doubtless have annoyed me, but the principle of live and let live would have moved me to examine myself for peculiarities in myself which might annoy my husband, and in consideration of his blindness to my failings I might have consented to put up with the things in him which displeased me. He had as much right to his faults as I had to mine.

So in the matter of his association with his friends. There was a knot of them who had been cronies since their school-days. Once a fortnight they met in a sort of smoker and card-party combined. They did not play for money, they drank nothing strong, and my husband was always at home before midnight. But that fortnightly gathering was a great trial to me, and I am ashamed to recollect that I fussed about it until my husband broke away from the association. I recollect his telling me once that he never cared how much I went to women's lunches and teas, he did not think me quite reasonable in opposing his card club. I returned that my social engagements in which he was not included took place when he was away at business, and

that his involved my being left alone in the evening. He made no response, and I did not have the grace to comprehend what it meant to him to give up the sole remnant of his bachelor companionships.

Another blunder of mine was sharpness of speech. I had a quick temper which rose readily and went down with equal promptness. My husband was naturally rather slow of speech and possessed marvelous self-control. Always considerate in his words and manner, he could not understand the hasty outburst which was as natural to me as his self-restraint had become to him. I defended myself to myself at such times by the plea that my husband ought to know I meant nothing by this way of talking, and yet all the time I was conscious that my brusque retorts wounded him and drove him into himself and impaired the confidence we should have felt in one another.

He Was a Man, Not an Angel.

Still further I pained my husband by my plain display of the unhappiness I sometimes felt. No girl who enters the wedded state with the romantic expectations I had fostered can have hope of finding it fully satisfactory. I had married a man, not an angel, and while he did all in his power for me, he was not omniscient, and there were times when he jarred upon me by cheerfulness when I inclined to melancholy or by gravity when I was primed for a frolic. According to my feeling, he should have been sufficiently one with me to have met every mood harmoniously—an impossibility which would have been comprehended by a woman of common sense and unselfishness.

I was neither. My husband distressed me by differing from my ideal in a hundred minor particulars, and it never suggested itself to me that he might be undergoing quite as many pangs as I for hopes miscarried. In one particular where I am sure I disappointed him it was not altogether my fault, although with more consideration for him I might have modified my conduct, despite my training. This was in the matter of responding to his displays of affection.

My mother, who in the main was most judicious in her desire to drill me in proper self-respect and reserve toward men, had given me the unfortunate conviction that a woman should be the courted one who receives devotion from her lover, but should not compromise herself by displaying it except with extreme moderation. Never should she voluntarily embrace her husband—he should always be the one who made the advances, and she who tolerated them rather than welcomed them. Should she let him know how deep was her love for him or respond too fervently to his caresses, she would sink in his respect at once.

My father never took any part in this kind of instruction. Long afterward, when I had been a married woman for years, the conversation happening to turn on this subject, he said, with much feeling, "A woman should never hesitate to volunteer her caresses to her husband. Those she gives unasked he values infinitely more than what he offers and she accepts."

"A Miracle of Unadaptability."

From which I infer that he and my mother did not agree in their views of this side of life. If I had had the benefit of his opinion earlier it might have been for the happiness of my husband and myself. As it was, I held my mother's ideas and felt I would lower myself in his eyes were I to accord much beyond a gentle sufferance to his demonstrations of affection—one of the least rational blunders of all I made. That my coldness wounded him I soon learned, but I held to my own way. My training had made me a miracle of unadaptability.

Even now, when with years I have gained great charity for the mistakes of youth, I cannot justify myself. I grant that it is a man's part to adapt himself so far as he can to his wife's standards, but I hold also that all the concessions should not be on one side. I am afraid they were in our household. My husband seldom protested, and I recollect only one instance in which he showed his serious displeasure with the way I took in opposition to his desires.

This was in connection with what really seemed to be a matter of small importance. I had always been fond of gay society and had had a number of young men at my beck and call. When I married I saw no reason why this sort of thing should not continue, as I had known it to do in other homes 'n which the former admirers of the wife were on an easy and familiar footing much like that they had occupied while she was single. My husband took a different stand. When a woman was married, she was married, and to one man! He did not object to company, but he drew the line at my receiving men callers when I was alone in the evening, as I had done in my girlhood.

Was he unreasonable? I think not. He denied himself for me, stinted himself on necessities to provide me with luxuries, refused me nothing he could possibly afford, was unfailingly patient with my whims. Was it much for him to ask that I should conform to his wishes and try to live up to his ideal of wifehood?

I would be guilty of one of the worst of blunders if I gave the impression that my husband and I were not on good terms or that our lives were generally clouds and thunderstorms. We agreed upon many points. Our intellectual tastes were similar. We both loved outdoor sports, and some of the happiest days of my life have been spent in a sail-boat with my husband or on horseback on the rare occasions when we could treat ourselves to a ride. We read aloud a great deal together, and in the main our friends were the same.

The Things I Understand Now.

Looking back, that which impresses me most is that the things which withered our happiness were trifles I could have altered had I not blundered into considering myself first whenever one or the other had to yield. With a different sort of man matters might have been otherwise, but I lacked the perception to see that with my husband I had no need to stand out on trivial things.

If I had my life to live over again I am sure I could get more happiness out of it, but it would not be by pampering myself, but by trying what a little self-abnegation would do. Ask my husband today if I have been a good wife, and he would stanchly declare it was impossible for any wife to be more nearly perfection than I. I know better. I can see where I have failed. I don't tell him, for it would other blunders, they shall never fall into mine if I can premeditation confesses.

But I believe that through my blunders both of us have missed some of the sweetest things out of life, that I lack the development self-denial would have given, that he lacks the growth sympathy and consideration would have brought. And while my daughters will undoubtedly make other blunders, they shall never fall into mine if I can prevent it!—Esther Ramsey Barton in Home Companion.

More men would be popular if they could get it out of their heads that they are unpopular.

Imagination never disturbs existing facts.

For The Children.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JACKY.

Jacky sat by the nursery fire, kicking his heels against the fender. He didn't care if he dented the old thing; he rather hoped he would. He didn't care that it was growing dark. Oh, no; he didn't care if nobody came to give him his supper. He would probably starve to death (here he gave the fender an extra hard kick), and then they would be sorry, and they would have no little boy to run around the house and make a noise, and no little boy to kiss them, and no toys left around. Jacky felt very sorry for himself, and very sorry for his family; and he was sure his nurse would be very sorry she had locked him up all alone in the nursery, just because he wouldn't learn his lessons. He hated his lessons, horrid old things anyway! Horrid old spelling, horrid old geography!

Oh, how dark it was growing! He couldn't see across the room, and the shadows looked queer as the fire died down. Jacky shivered as they grew deeper and deeper. But, oh, no, he didn't mind! Bang went his heel on the fender!

What was that? Surely he heard something. He sat up stiffly and listened. There it was again, a very small faint rustle in one of the shadows, an old little crackling rustle that grew a little louder and a little louder. Then there was another little crackle and rustle from another shadow, and another, and another, and another. They came from under the bed, and under the bookcase, and under the big chair, and under the playhouse, and under the bureau, and the table,—and suddenly a very loud crackle right behind him. Then he was sure he heard mutterings that grew into little voices. Pretty soon he could distinguish words, such as "horrid," "ashamed of himself," "push him," "stupid little boy," "pull his hair," "pinch him." Poor Jacky began to be terribly frightened. Oh, if only his mother would come or his nurse! What were all the rustlings and the voices? Suddenly something pinched his toe, the fire flashed up, and all around him he saw books, and books and books, all with legs and arms and eyes, all hopping around, and flapping their pages, and making faces at him. As he looked they all began to shout at the top of their lungs, "He doesn't like his lessons," "He won't learn his lessons," "He wants to grow up and be stupid."

"I don't, I don't! Who are you?" and Jacky began to cry.

"We are all your lesson-books," they cried in very cross voices, winking their eyes very fast. "Some of us you have never seen, but you will have to learn all that is in us. Some of us you have torn, and some of us you have spilled ink over."

"You tore out my very best map," cried a very big and fierce geography, "and I think I will pull your hair."

"You made spit-balls out of my leaves," and a small spelling-book hopped up and down furiously. "I think I will stick a pin in you."

"You threw me at a cat, and I fell in a puddle," wailed a very much battered history of the United States. "I will pinch you."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," cried Jacky. "I didn't know you were alive."

"Well, we are, we are," shouted all the books furiously.

"I'm all dog-eared," wept a small fat book of poetry. "I expect I shall soon begin to bark, and then I will bite you"; and it snapped its covers together.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear; I am so cold," whispered a book in

a very hoarse voice, creeping up closely to the fire and shivering. "That horrid Jacky boy tore off my cover, and now I have an awful cold, which I'm sure is turning into pneumonia. I shall give it to Jacky, and it will be worse than a stomach-ache, bur-r-r," and it shook with cold.

"I turned your cover into a boat and sailed it in the gutter," whimpered Jacky "Oh, dear; oh, dear; I'm sorry. I wish I hadn't."

"I wish you hadn't, too," croaked the book, for now I can't slap you as you deserve."

"Books, books," shouted the big geography, flapping up onto the table, "what shall we do to this naughty little Jacky boy for hurting us and not learning his lessons?"

"Slap him, slap him," cried all the books together, flapping their covers back and forth and making dreadful faces at Jacky.

"Come on," cried the geography, jumping down. With a wild shriek all the books caught hold of hands and rushed at Jacky, kicking and pinching him until—

"Why, Jacky boy, what is the matter, why are you screaming so?" and he was in his mother's arms, being hugged and kissed. The nursery was brightly lighted, and nurse was just putting his supper on his own little round red table by the fire.

He looked all around for those dreadful books. There wasn't a sign of them.

"Jacky has been asleep and must have had a bad dream," said his mother, hugging him close. Jacky knew better, and he also knew that after this he would be kind to his books. —Rachel Lee Grinnell, in *Christian Register*.

FRED AND CARLO.

Little Fred Keith had no brother nor sister to play with; and, when company came, he was very selfish with his playthings.

One day his father brought home a very beautiful collie. "Now, Fred," he said, "Carlo is to be your pet; but you must treat him kindly, and not be selfish."

They had grand frolics when they went for a walk together. If Fred threw a stick into the pond, Carlo would always swim out and bring it back.

One bright morning in July, Fred went out into the pasture to pick berries. He carried two small pails, in one of which mother had packed a nice luncheon. Carlo trotted along, carrying the empty pail in his mouth.

The blueberries hung in clusters on the low bushes; but the sun was hot, and before one pail was filled Fred decided that it was surely dinner-time. He sat down in the shade of a tall laurel-bush, and began to eat a sandwich. Carlo smelled the meat, and begged for a piece; but, though his big brown eyes were wistful and he held up both paws, Fred took no notice.

"I'm real hungry, and I want it all myself. You can catch a squirrel," he said at last.

The second sandwich was half gone, and Carlo's eyes looked sad. "Carlo has been chasing a rabbit all the morning. Perhaps he is as hungry as I am. I guess maybe he can have this ham and cake, and I'll eat the pie."

Carlo barked a joyous "Thank you!" and somehow Fred's pie tasted twice as good as usual. Then he ran down to the spring and drank some of the clear water.

When both pails were full they started for home. Faithful Carlo carried one pail so carefully that not a berry was spilled.

The next afternoon Fred took Carlo for a walk in the fields. Grandfather's barn where he kept his salt hay stood all by itself in the pasture, and near by was an old cellar. Fred went to the edge to look over, a stone loosened, and he fell in. He tried to climb out, but each time he fell back.

Carlo ran round the edge, barking. Then he jumped in. Fred was glad that he did not leave him alone. He called for help until he was tired. The sun went down, and a few stars began to peep out. Then he called with all his might, but the only answer was an echo from the old barn. By and by he lay down beside Carlo, and cried himself to sleep.

When he awoke, the moon was shining brightly. He remembered a ginger-snap he had in his pocket. "I'll give Carlo half, the dear doggy!" he thought. Out came the cookie, and his little blank-book with it. Fred shouted with delight as he emptied his pocket. It was full, like all boys' pockets; and, sure enough, there was a stubby pencil and some string.

He tore a page from the book and wrote,—

"Dear Mother,—I'm in the old cellar, and can't get out. Fred."

He tied the paper round Carlo's neck. Then he piled up all the rocks until he could reach high enough to help Carlo out.

"Go home quickly, Carlo," he said; and the dog leaped away. Lanterns were flashing into dark corners, and all the neighbors were hunting for Fred. Mrs. Keith ran to the door when she heard Carlo's bark. How she did hug him after she had read the note!

"Mother," exclaimed Fred, when he had eaten supper and finished telling the story of his adventure, "I'm glad I gave Carlo some dinner yesterday. If he had not helped me, I'd be in the old cellar now."

"Yes," said his mother, "Carlo is a true friend. I should be very sorry if my little boy were selfish to such a good dog."—Fay Stuart, in the Morning Star.

People who feel what they say can make one feel a lot more that they don't say.

POMONA COLLEGE

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA.

A Christian College of High Standards
and Fine Equipment, in an
Ideal Location.
For catalogue and illustrated pamphlet
Address, THE SECRETARY.

Pacific Theological Seminary

—Located at—
Berkeley.

Part of the University of California.
Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low. Next year opens August 18, 1914. Address President, C. S. Nash, D. D.

Free Kindergarten Normal School

of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Association
Accredited by the State Board of
Education.

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.
Address: 560 Union St.

San Francisco, Cal.
Telephone Douglas 4143

Mrs. Kate S. Hart Mrs. M. S. Burland

Cambridge Apartments

929 Pine St., San Francisco
Between Mason and Taylor
Two, three and four rooms furnished.
Country Trade Solicited.
Under direct management of
MRS. K. S. HART,
formerly of
"The Ramona," 130 Ellis Street, and
"The Catherine," 1589 Sacramento St.

SPEND YOUR VACATION

In Yosemite Valley

THIS SEASON.

It costs no more than many commonplace resort. In Yosemite there is nothing common. There is plenty to do and see, and rest and recreation not found elsewhere.

AUTOMOBILE SERVICE IN THE PARK

Auto stages will carry the visitor between the railroad and Yosemite, one of the finest auto trips in the world, without extra cost.

ASK FOR YOSEMITE OUTING FOLDER

See any railroad ticket agent, or address
YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD CO.,
Merced, Calif.

Pacific Congregationalists

could not find a better year to visit

YOSEMITE

AND

CAMP CURRY

than in 1914. Have you seen the snow scenes—8 feet on overhanging rock, Glacier Point. All the railroads have the rates and routes.

SPECIAL RATES TO MINISTERS AND THEIR FAMILIES,
\$12.50 PER WEEK.

in service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

MILLS COLLEGE

A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Suburbs of Oakland, California

A College of high standards and excellent equipment. Entrance requirements equivalent to those of the University of California and Stanford University. Recommended students received in either University class for class. Twenty-one departments. Fine opportunities in Home Economics, Library Study, Music and Art, Modern Gymnasium and outdoor life in ideal climate. A Christian College, undenominational. Semesters open in August and January.
For catalogue and information address Registrar, Mills College P. O., Calif.